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ESSAY ON FAITH—NO. IV.

Admit, the perfectly righteous soul before the fall, possessed of no unrighteousness, and no internal influence to it; was then, the external influence or error, when proposed to the rational mind, a sufficient motive to induce the soul to believe lies, and reject the truth of God and by that means receive the evil spirit in its internal influence into the righteous soul, by which the soul was perverted? Now admit, the fallen soul to be possessed of no righteousness, and no internal influence to it, is not the external influence, of the truth of God, when proposed to the rational mind, as fully sufficient a motive, to induce man to believe, and by that means receive the holy spirit into the unrighteous soul, and is it not through that internal supernatural grace of God, the soul is converted?

We may reasonably suppose, and must scripturally conclude, that the omnipotent truth of God, when proposed to the rational, but degenerate, and unrighteous soul, certainly *has at least as much motive* to induce faith, as *error could possibly have*, when proposed to the rational and *righteous* soul to induce unbelief. If man could act unbelief, and while in his holy and happy state, without the evil spirit, or any evil principle in his heart, to enable him to do it: why cannot man act faith, while in his fallen, and miserable state, without the good spirit or any good principle in his heart to enable him to do it? Yes, he certainly can, and according to the declaration of God, he must do it or perish: for God will no more save man without his own voluntary act of faith, than all the powers of darkness could have destroyed man, without his voluntary act of unbelief. To talk of irresistible influence, or power, to force rational beings to be good, or bad, is absurd: who will blame, or praise any one, for that which another forces him to do?

Why has God revealed his will, and made it so plain to be understood, and so easy to be performed? but that the weakest intellect, need not err, and the most helpless, and abandon-

ed sinner, need not despair: yet, no one may presume, but at his peril, for those intellectual powers were not given, to be governed by those irresistible laws, which govern the brutal, or inanimate creation. God will govern, and save rational beings as such, (or they may ungovern, and destroy themselves,) he imposes nothing on any, but what they can understand, and requires nothing but what they can perform. God gives abilities, opportunities, and means to all, as talents to improve, and never requires of any, more than he has given them: "But in *every nation*, he who feareth God, and worketh righteousness, (according to his light, and dispensation,) is accepted with him."

How often do we see men, the most highly favoured with abilities, opportunities, and means, yet, most shamefully abusing all those gifts, resisting the holy spirit, and rejecting the council of God against themselves, and all this is done through their voluntary unbelief. And on the other hand, men possessing very inferior abilities, opportunities and means, yet faithfully improving, by cordially receiving divine instruction, and divine influence, and all this is accomplished by their exercise of faith: they evidence their faith, by their works, "and by works, is faith made perfect," and while they, "walk by faith, and not by sight"; not by the appearance but by the evidence, and reality of things; they give all the glory to the God of all grace, for his free, and unmerited love, and goodness, so bounteously exercised towards them, and so freely, and fully tendered to all. They live by faith in sight of themselves, as needy, helpless, and dependent, and in sight of their Saviour, and God, who is the fountain, and strength, whence all their wants are daily supplied.

It is only by faith, that man can, "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God." "But without faith it is impossible to please him, "for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a just rewarder of them, who diligently seek him. Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." These passages fully prove, that faith precedes our pleasing God, or our coming to him, or to Christ; also precedes our receiving life; and that there is life, for all them who will not come to Christ, to receive it; and that their unbelief, is the entire cause of their condemnation and death. "But they have not all obeyed the gospel," for Esaias saith, "Lord who hath believed our report? So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Rom. 10 16 17. "That ye might receive the *promise* of the spirit through faith." Gal. 3 14. And where is any *promise* of the *spirit*, or any *grace* of the *spirit*, through unbelief? "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye *heard* the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, *after* that ye *believed*, ye were sealed with that holy spirit of promise." Eph. 1. 13. "Abraham staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Rom. 11. 20.

"And Jesus said unto the Centurion go thy way, and as thou liest *belived*, so be it done unto thee." Mat. 8. 13. Christ acknowledged this man's faith, to be the greatest he had seen in Israel: and although he was not a member of the Church, or one of the chosen people, but an outcast; a gentile; yet, the Jews, from selfish motives respected him; because he loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue. The Centurion believed in Christ as the Messiah, and that he had all power in heaven and earth, and was equally as willing, as he was able, to deliver from all evil, into all good, and he need not come to the sick, and use means, but only speak the word, and all that he would say, should be effected. And notwithstanding the Centurion had men, and servants under him; his great faith gave him such full evidence, or conviction, of his great dependence, and his great unworthiness, as well as of the ability, and willingness of the Saviour, who had saved him, that vain conceit, which makes many esteem themselves, on account of their great performances, or their high standing, respect, and influence in the Church. This vanity is so contrary to the religion of Christ, that it originates in error, and is an effect of the prevailing unbelief, which causes so many to be but pharisees, and sectarians, in the different churches. Here we may see one of the certain effects, always accompanying great faith, namely great humility: and on the other hand; great unbelief, is always evidently accompanied by great self-sufficiency. "How can ye *believe*, who *receive* honour, one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" John 5. 44. It is only through error, and unbelief, that men are led to receive, or give honour, one of, or to another, and only in truth and faith, that the honour which comes from God *alone* is sought and obtained.

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LUMEN.

[From the Moral Advocate.]

WILD HORSES.

[The following little sketch is given of the character of the horse, in his native unsubdued state. That noble animal, it appears, is fond of society, and unites in measures for the preservation of their gregarious communities. But these measures are of the peaceable kind. Unprovided with weapons, offensive or defensive, they consult their safety by avoiding danger.]

"Of all quadrupeds, the horse appears the most beautiful. His fine size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, entitle him to this distinction. To have an idea of this noble animal, in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures, or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wide

and extensive plains where he was originally produced, where he ranges without controul, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature.

In this state of happy independence, he despairs the assistance of man, which tends only to his servitude. In these boundless tracts, whether of Africa, or New-Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continual verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate that never knows a winter, suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to him.

In those countries, the horses are often seen feeding in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war against any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely upon the defensive. They have always one among their number that stands as sentinel, to give notice of any approaching danger: and this office they take by turns.

If a man approaches them while they are feeding by day, their sentinel walks up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him from proceeding: but as the man approaches within pistol shot, the sentinel then thinks it high time to alarm his fellows. This he does by a loud kind of snorting; upon which they all take the signal, and fly off with the speed of the wind; their faithful sentinel bringing up the rear."

[The following abstract forms a striking contrast with the preceding, and will be read with interest, as well from the novelty of the event, as from the moral reflections it is calculated to produce.]

WAR HORSES.

From Southey's History of the Peninsular war just published.

" Two of the regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine black, long-tailed, Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number—and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles, therefore, were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene

ensued such as probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down till the shore, in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance ; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them : but it was found too dangerous to attempt this ; and after the last boats quitted the beach the few horses that remained were engaged in the most dreadful work of mutual destruction.

[If we regard this as a fiction of the historian, it will be because such an occurrence would seem to arise out of a certain moral depravity, which we should not attribute to that species of animals. It would seem too, to be a striking deviation from the habits of these creatures in a state of nature. But considering this account in whatever light we may, it will suggest some ideas which we may profitably indulge—If the whole story was fabulous—if it is too shocking to be true of the horses, such scenes have been more than realized among men. And if it was unnatural for the horses, it is equally unnatural for men—But if the story was substantially correct, the poor animals that thus mutually destroyed each other, had become the mere creatures of habit—were the unthinking imitators of men, and were just about as much proficients in the art of war, as parrots in that of language.]



BE KIND TO BRUTES.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind ;
 But brutal actions show a brutal mind. *d*
 Remember, he who made thee, made the brute ;
 Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute ;
 He can't complain ; but God's omniscient eye
 Beholds thy cruelty ; he hears his cry,
 He was designed thy servant and thy drudge ;
 But know that his Creator is thy Judge

INTERESTING REMARKS ON INTEMPERANCE.

If with so quaint a title, we may hope for a moment's attention we would earnestly inquire whether the philanthropist, and this age and nation have given over, as incurable, the thousands and thousands of our countrymen, who are perishing under the ravages of this disease. Or, if all these must perish, is there no hope for future generations; no means by which they may be secured from the contagion of this vice? Quaint or not, this is a great question; and one which will be answered, if in no other way, by the blood of hundreds of thousands of our citizens. The physician tells us that intemperance undermines the constitution; the clergyman, that it destroys the soul; the moralist, that it corrupts the fountains of social life; the minister of justice, that it fills our poor houses and prisons. With all these testimonies sounding in our ears—nay, with the very victims of its ravages before our eyes, what are we doing to stay its desolating progress?

It is estimated, from data which cannot essentially mislead, that *forty million gallons* of ardent spirits are consumed in this country annually; or about *four gallons to an inhabitant*. The average daily consumption, then, in the United States, is more than *one hundred thousand gallons*. What a comment is this upon the extent and aggravation of the evil!

Look next at the *enormous tax*, which is thus paid by our citizens, to appease the hankering of a diseased appetite. At fifty cents per gallon, the cost of 40,000,000 is *twenty millions of dollars*—equal to the ordinary expenditures of our national government for a year. As much, therefore, is paid by our citizens to support the most arbitrary and bloody tyranny, as to maintain a government of freedom.

But this is not all. There are other effects of intemperance, in comparison with which, the loss of property is scarcely worthy of consideration. Among these may be reckoned the loss of reputation, domestic wretchedness, the corruption of morals, the commission of heinous crimes, untimely death, and everlasting ruin. Can any greater or more terrible calamities befall a human soul? On this subject, our bills of mortality, our courts of justice, our prisons, and even our streets and wharves, speak a language too painful to be repeated.

If we search the fountains, which have let loose this sweeping deluge upon our country, another crying sin obtrudes itself upon our notice. *Nearly all the imported liquors, and a considerable portion of the domestic, are prepared by the toil and sinews of SLAVES!* This is economising vice, with a witness. It is questionable whether the arch-deceiver himself could have suggested a more artful device, than to subject one portion of our race to the horrors of slavery, for the sake of converting another portion into beasts.

Now, turning the enemy's weapons upon himself, is it not possible to reverse the process, and make intemperance pay its way, by effecting the gradual abolition of slavery? We think it is possible: and that by the same process, intemperance itself may receive a considerable shock.

It is well known, that as liquors are now sold, a man may reduce himself, for six or eight cents, to the lowest depths of intoxication. Nor can it be doubted, that with many, the cheapness of the article is a reason for procuring it more frequently, and in greater quantities than would otherwise be done. Particularly is this the case with a numerous class of youth and children; who not choosing to reject an acquaintance offered on so easy terms, and which at least is likely to be the source of festivity and merriment, are gradually inveigled with its charms, till finally they are overcome by its power, and enrolled on the list of confirmed drunkards. If men question the correctness of this principle, viz. That intemperance is more prevalent in consequence of the facility with which the elements of intoxication may be obtained, let them suppose that intoxicating liquors flowed in rivers, like water, and were free to all. Is it not to be feared that, in such a case, a very great portion of our race would become amphibious?

To strike at the root of the evil, therefore, or at least to lop off some of its branches, let *an additional duty of fifty or more per cent be imposed on all intoxicating liquors, whether foreign or domestic.* In that case, the *drunken tax* might be a little increased, or it might not. Supposing it to remain the same as now, viz. twenty million dollars a year, the consumption of ardent spirits in our country would be diminished *one third*; and a new revenue raised, to the amount of six and a half million dollars. On this supposition, intemperance is diminished, while the drunken tax remains the same. If, however, it is insisted, that the consumption of spirits would not be diminished by this expedient—then instead of six and a half million dollars, our additional revenue would amount to ten millions. The truth doubtless lies between the two extremes. By imposing such a duty, a less quantity of spirits would be consumed than now, but the amount of expense might be somewhat increased.

Now it appears to us but just, that men who voluntarily bring so much mischief upon society should do something, if possible, to atone for it. The thief is fined or imprisoned, the murderer forfeits his life; and shall he, who is taken in the very act of *suicide*, and who, by his example, is exhorting others to do the same, shall he be furnished gratis with the weapons of his own destruction?—Besides, if men are determined to expend to the last cent, for the means of brutalizing themselves, the sooner they reach their mark, the better. Their poverty is less injurious to society than their property.

We have said that, by such a measure, there would be raised a new revenue of at least six and a half million dollars annually. Now, *let this revenue be appropriated to the colonization of slaves, and intemperance will either be compelled to hide its head or to work the extinction of slavery.* In either case the triumph of virtue would be glorious.

The necessary expense of transporting people of colour to Africa, has been found, by actual experiment, not to exceed \$60 each. By the last census the number of slaves, in the United States, was 1,543,688 ;—the average annual increase, from 1810 to 1820, was 57,000. Now at \$60 each, our supposed revenue of six and a half millions would transport to Africa 108,333 persons annually. Allowing for the probable increase from time to come—the ratio of which would gradually lessen, as liberated slaves were conveyed to Africa—the whole mass of our slaves might be transported to the land from whence they sprung, in the course of 20 years. And in four years more, all the free blacks in the United States—which at the last census amounted to 233,398, and at the end of twenty years will probably amount to 430,000—might also be removed, and America be free not only from slavery, but every vestige of African blood !

These calculations are made on the supposition, that in consequence of the additional duty of 50 per cent, the quantity of spirits consumed in our country would be diminished *one third.* Consequently, if it should not be diminished at all, the work of colonization might be effected, so far as it relates to the expense of transportation, in less than two thirds the number of years above specified.

FRUGALITY DISTINGUISHED FROM AVARICE.

Economy differs from avarice, not merely in degree, but in kind. The utmost excess of frugality never sinks into avarice : nor does the lowest degree of avarice ever amount to frugality. They proceed from different propensities, they avail themselves of different means, they are directed to different ends. Avarice accumulates, for the sake of accumulating ; economy spares for the sake of use. Avarice becomes at last a disinterested passion ; and money the more it is gained, is loved and hoarded more solicitously, merely because it is money. Economy does not grow more saving, as the means of expense are multiplied ; it lays by, with a view to some future accommodation, but with less scrupulosity, the more it has to deposit. Avarice, even when it is cheated into bounty, reluctantly parts with the little that it yields ; economy never gives merely on compulsion, and is often grieved that it dares not bestow a more ample favour. Avarice, always intent on minute savings, is frequently blind, and is sometimes betrayed by that rapacity into serious losses ; economy, while she gathers up the fragments that remain, is never hurried, by a thirst of gain, into

imprudent and destructive speculations. Avarice regards only money, or what it represents; economy is a branch of that comprehensive prudence, which knows how to be frugal of every thing; of time, opportunities and talents, as well as wealth. The highest benevolence of character, may consist with a habit of regulated and moderate expenditure, and consists, indeed, with nothing else; but it is the curse of the avaricious man, to experience the miseries of pure selfishness, to be at once envious of the rising prosperity of others, and anxious about his own possessions, to be ever afraid of losing, and still more afraid to give, because he sees nothing in bounty but deliberate waste, and uncompensated diminution.

In short, frugality will associate with any of the virtues, and becomes herself the parent of others, and not only of virtues, but of a thousand permanent comforts; avarice, in its very nature, defeats its own wishes, and encounters from others, nothing but enmity and contempt. When natural, it sheds a blasting influence over the finest affections and sweetest comforts of mankind. Men spontaneously combine to detest it, and God, the most bountiful of beings, looks down, with abhorrence on a spirit which does nothing but counteract his benevolent designs.

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ESCAPE FROM DEATH—AT SEA.—CONCLUDED.

WHAT a war of passions perturbed my soul! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed? What horrors would be in my gray haired parents' house when they come to hear of my doom! "O Theresa, Theresa!" And thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess, I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care; but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world; all such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. I heard the shrill cry of seabirds flying over my head, and instantly returned again to the hope of life. O, for such wings! but mine, I thought, were broken, and like a wounded bird lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that there was a phial of laudanum about me. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced, I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in danc-

ing over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel on a voyage, and had a dreary impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality, but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I was drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of those delirious fits whether it was a dream or a reality I know not, methought I heard the most angelic music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I heard a rushing noise with the musick—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps—her colors flying—every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision?—Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by; it seemed something wholly alien to me; the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and the future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was somehow or otherwise a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal creature of the ocean. There was an unspeakable grandeur and pride in this delirium. I was more intently conscious of a brighter existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter; I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, laying on my bosom, cold, drenched, despairing and insane. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves—"Hast thou forgot Theresa?" and looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue swollen face defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sunk again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke.

The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold clammy grave, could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolute dreadful reality ! I was a cast-away—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased ; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds ! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder—others like cliffs of fire, and here and there streaked over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, despairing sky.

The sun itself was a dull, brazen orb, cold, dead and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while drifted away from them ; and then a rushing wind would carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth which I thought was death, and into the kingdom of the eternal future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head, loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. A hideous din was overheard, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there.

APRIL.

Fantastic month ! how shall my doubtful song,

Thy various form aright describe ?

Dost thou to winter's gloomy train belong,

Or to the soft spring's flow'ry tribe ?

Thy brow when mimic horrors arm,

When peace delusive gilds thy smile ;

Nor terror shall my heart alarm,

Nor flattering hope my easy faith beguile.

DIVERSITY OF FEATURES IN THE HUMAN FACE.

It is very evident proof of the adorable wisdom of God, that although the bodies of men are so conformed to each other in their essential parts, yet there is so great a difference in their external appearance, that they may be easily and infallibly distinguished. Among so many millions of men, there are no two perfectly alike. Each has something peculiar which distinguishes him from all others, either in his face, voice, or manner of speaking. The variety in faces is the more astonishing because the parts which compose the human face are few in number, and are disposed in every person according to the same plan. If all things had been produced by blind Chance the faces of men must as nearly resemble each other, as eggs laid by the same bird; balls cast in the same mould; or drops of water out of the same bucket. But, as this is not the case, we must admire the infinite wisdom of the Creator, which in diversifying the features of the face in so admirable a manner, has evidently had the happiness of man in view. For, if they resemble each other perfectly, so that they could not be distinguished from each it would occasion an infinity of inconveniences, mistakes, and deceptions in society. No man could ever be sure of his life nor of the peaceable possession of his property. Thieves and cut-throats would run no risk of being discovered, if they could not be known again by the features of their face nor by the sound of their voice. Adultery, theft, and other crimes would go unpunished, because the guilty could scarcely ever be discerned. We should be every moment exposed to the malice of wicked and envious men; and we could not guard against an infinity of mistakes, frauds and misdemeanors. And what uncertainty would there be in Judiciary proceedings, in sales, transfers, bargains, and contracts? What confusion in Commerce? What frauds and bribery in respect to witnesses. Finally, the uniformity and perfect similitude of faces, would deprive human society of a great part of its charms, and considerably diminish the pleasure which men find in conversing with each other.

The variety of features constitutes a part of the plan of the divine government: and is a striking proof of the tender care of God towards us; for it is manifest, not only the general structure of the body, but also the dispositions of its particular parts have been executed with the greatest wisdom. Every where we behold *variety*, connected with *uniformity*, whence result the order, proportions, and beauty of the human body. Let all who consider this subject, admire the wise arrangements of the Great Creator.

STURM.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

No line holds the anchor of contentment so fast as a good conscience. This cable is so strong, and well compacted, that when force is offered to it, the straining rather strengthens, by uniting the parts more closely.

THE ORPHAN—A FACT.

It was on a pleasant summer's eve, that the Pastor of one of our New-England churches took his usual walk after spending the day in study. He was a good old man, who had long been faithful over the beloved people of his charge—and he had been a successful labourer in the cause of his Master, till his head had become silvered, and his tottering tenement needed the support of a staff. The sun had already sunk in the west, and was pouring his last rays into the golden sky, as the Pastor entered the village grave yard. There is something in this hour of the day, that gives a pleasing melancholy to the soul—which, added to the place in which he was walking, was peculiarly adapted to assist the holy man in his meditations; and, if need be, to raise his thoughts from this world, and to place them on that which he felt was his home. The good man was pressing beneath his softly trembling steps, the sods which covered many of his beloved parishioners, when he came to the spot where lay his wife and three beautiful daughters, whose loveliness, like the opening rose, was blasted ere it was fully exhibited. The Pastor leaned on his staff, and bent over these graves, and was just marking out by their side the spot where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by hearing the sobs of a child. He turned, and, at a little distance, beheld a lovely little white headed boy, who was kneeling and sobbing over the grave of his father, whose ashes had lately been deposited beneath. With a melting heart the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and with the tenderness of an angel, he raised and kissed this orphan lamb of his flock, whose face was pallid through grief, and whose bright blue eyes were swollen by weeping. He sat down beside the grave, and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom.

“O, Sir,” said the child, “let me cry for my father—he lies deep in that grave; they tell me he will never again be my father—I fear that I have offended him that he will no more be my father, and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do!—Oh! if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him. But they say he is dead! O, I would sit here

and cry all night—I would never stop if my poor father would come to me ! But he will not come—for a few days before they put him in this hole, he told me—O, I do remember it—he told me he was going to leave me, and I should never have a father any more ; and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and told me when he was buried in the ground I must be a good boy and love God ! Oh ! my poor, good father !

The feeling Pastor pressed the hand of the sorrowing child within his—and ere he could answer him, he had wet with his tears the silken hair of the orphan. His first object was to soothe him into confidence, and then to direct him to a father who would never forsake him. With patience he satisfied his curiosity respecting death—how that it is a long sleep, but that the voice of God will one day awaken even the dead.—He told him how death was introduced into the world, and made him understand that it was the consequence of sin. He explained to him the natural depravity of the heart—how we, “like sheep, have all gone astray.” He laboured to impress on him a correct view of the character of God—his attributes of love, mercy, justice, &c ; and then explained how we might be saved by Jesus Christ. He next strove deeply to impress upon the listening boy what “is the chief end of man ; and thus concluded, while his hearer seemed to hang upon his lips :—“ And now, my dear little boy, you have indeed lost a tender father ; but I have been trying to point you to a Father, who has promised never to forsake the poor orphan.” “ But,” says the child, “ what is it to be an orphan ?”

“ It is to be destitute of Parents while we are yet children.”

“ I think I understand ; but what is a poor orphan ?”

The clergyman was affected but replied, “ It is a child who is left destitute of property as well as friends.”

“ O, I wish,” said the child, in the simplicity of his heart, “ I wish that I was a poor orphan, if God would be my father.”

The good minister wept—for he knew that the child’s wish respecting property would be fully satisfied.—“ I

trust, my dear child, that God will be your father. You know how short are our lives—how certain our death—how much we have to do to prepare for death—and how we should devote our lives to God that we may meet death with peace. I hope you will not only be good, and live so as to meet your poor father in heaven, but I hope your life will be spent in trying to do good to others."

The clergyman held the hand of the child, and they knelt in prayer on the grave. The petition was that God would provide for the little orphan. It was now dark, except what light was afforded by the bright twinkling of the stars. As they left the grave yard, the shepherd directed the attention of his lamb to these wonderful works of God, and his heart beat with joy when he exclaimed—

"My Father made them all."

He led the orphan to his place of residence—soothed his grief—assuaged his sorrows—and determined to adopt and make him his child. But God had otherwise determined. The faithful Pastor was soon after laid upon the bed of death, and from the chamber which had, for many years, been the witness of the piety of his heart, and which was

"Priviledg'd above the common walks of virtuous life," his spirit as we trust, flew from the snares, the corruptions, and the sins of this transitory world, and found a shelter in the bosom of his Redeemer--and left the child a second time an orphan.

At the death of the clergyman, the little boy was thrown upon the wide world with but few friends :—his patron was dead, and he was forgotten.—Many who saw, felt compassion for him. They saw sorrow often brooding over his countenance, and the big tear often gush from his eyes : they saw and pitied—“ hoped he would be provided for ”—and left him as they found him. But it should be a matter of consolation to dying parents, that there is One who heareth even “ the young ravens when they cry,” and will provide for the fatherless.

I have only to add, that to the subject of this narrative God was ever near,—He was placed in many difficult situations, passed through many trials, but was ever protected through the tender mercy of God. At the age of

—And before the senses could embrace the sublimity of the scene, the crash of falling clouds, of rocks and stones reminded us we had better rouse from our stupifying astonishment, and look to our personal safety. Immediately succeeding the discharge of missiles, appeared another wonderful source of stupendous grandeur—the chaldron boiled over, and the lava, a magnificent river of liquid fire, rushed from the crater in majestic flood. Either the guides had not been mistaken in foretelling increased violence; or greater self-possession allowed me to feel more intensely this new shock. It seemed to me the full meridian of magnificent nature!—terrible in its tones—terrible in its aspect—terrible in its power!

But to return to the mountain. For some time, the heat, through our shoes, had become troublesome; we could now scarcely, for an instant, bear our feet upon the ground, it was so insufferably hot. Nor was this very surprising: we were still some distance from the crater; and yet the incrustation upon which we stood was so thin, that several fissures we had already passed, and by which we were now surrounded, emitted heat and smoke enough to make it evident there was no great solidity of material beneath us. The sulphurous effluvia of these regions is excessively offensive; and I was just thinking how we should bear a closer approach to the crater, when our guides palsied with fear, announced a new eruption.

Again, how terrible! all that is depicted of the thunder-bolts and artillery of the great demon, of his boiling lakes of fire and brimstone, of his gulfs unquenchable; these and a thousand horrors, assailed the mind at once, and forced on the stoutest observer, feelings he could not before have known: while our imaginations revelled—ay, rioted, amid beauty, grandeur, and sublimity!

I now perceived that we were safely within the range of the larger stones, and that they almost all fell beyond us; but we were not in this eruption, therefore in less danger. A discharge of stones was now projected in nearly a horizontal line over our heads, from some new passage which the increased violence of this eruption had forced; and I must confess that the whizzing of these *mitrailles* very unceremoniously obstructed upon me some unwelcome doubts of safety. The lava flowed most copiously; what effort of imagination could equal the magnificence of this sight! we seemed to inhale fire and fever from the very atmosphere we respired. The thrilling blood swelled my veins, and seemed convulsively endeavoring to burst through this weak mortal frame, and mix with the surrounding grandeur. In vain the mind made its usual efforts to contemplate and embrace the full sublimity of the scene. The attention was scarcely fixed upon any object, when it was snatched away to witness new phenomena.

Standing on this momentous brink, what an insignificant atom I presented, as compared to this rage of elements, and

the tremendous perils every where surrounding me. I looked round to observe how my friends enjoyed their situation. They were—never shall I forget my terror and surprise—they were scattered far beneath me! But alarm for my sister immediately subsided, when I perceived she was carefully supported by the same sturdy guardians under whose care I had placed her. This last discharge had destroyed any remnant of courage the guides possessed. The two leaders had seized each an arm, and hurried away with my sister ; leaving me to my fate, for they had no hope of prevailing with me—and, indeed, no opportunity—in the *din* of these irruptions, no effort of human voice is distinguishable. Of all the party, the young Frenchman alone remained to bear me company.

The lava flowed down to the south of us : the guides, in retreating, had taken a northerly course. To proceed, we were, perhaps running the risk of losing sight of them :—no matter ; we confirmed our resolve to reach, at every risk, as nearly as possible, the source of this burning river, and again we ‘ advanced together in our chivalry.’ What an astonishing fluid ! composed principally of melted minerals ; it is of the consistency of pitch, and seems to flow over itself, thickening as it descends. Even near the source, where it is more fluid, it presents an edge of several inches above the common level. I pressed my foot upon it to ascertain its density ; and with the aid of a stone, detached a morsel from the stream.—Sir W. Hamilton’s extraordinary escape occurred to me. Having remained near the crater of Vesuvius, during an irruption, rather longer than was prudent, he found the stream of lava had spread itself so as to cut off his retreat. It was still copiously flowing—he had no alternative—he looked out for the part which, having most cooled, had become more dense, and, as lightly and as quickly as possible, he stepped across it, leaving the deep impression of every step !

MAN—AN EXTRACT.

“ It is for want of having studied nature and her laws, for want of having sought to discover her resources, and her properties, that man has remained so long in ignorance, or that he has taken such slow and irresolute steps to meliorate his condition. This sluggishness finds its account by letting him be guided by precedent, routine or authority, rather than by experience, which demands activity ; and by his reason, which exacts reflection. Hence that aversion which men show for every thing that makes them swerve from those rules to which they have been accustomed. Hence their stupid and scrupu-

ious respect for antiquity, and the most foolish institutions of their fathers. Hence those fears that seize them, when the most advantageous changes are proposed to them, or the most probable attempts. This is the reason why we see nations lingering in the most shameful lethargy, groaning under those abuses that have been transmitted from century to century ; trembling at the very idea of what alone can remedy their misfortunes. It is by this want of energy, and for want of consulting experience, that medicine, natural philosophy, agriculture, and in short, all the useful sciences, have made such little progress, and have remained so long under the shackles of authority. Those who profess these sciences, preferring rather to follow the beaten tracks than to trace out new ones ; they prefer the ravings of their imaginations, and their gratuitous conjectures, to that laborious experience which alone is capable of extracting from nature her sweets.

In short, men, whether from sloth or from fear, having renounced the evidence of their senses, having only been guided in their actions and enterprises, by imagination, enthusiasm, prejudice, habit, and above all, by authority, which well knew how to profit by their ignorance, and to deceive them.—Imaginary systems supplied the place of experience, reflection and reason. Souls petrified with terror, and inebriated with the marvellous, or benumbed with sloth, and guided by credulity, which produces inexperience, creates ridiculous opinions, or else adopts, without examination, all those chimeras with which they wished to gorge themselves.

It is therefore for having forgotten nature and her ways ; for having disclaimed experience ; for having neglected reason ; for having desired the marvellous and supernatural ; in short, for having *trembled* that the human race has so long continued in a state of infancy, out of which there is so much trouble in conducting them. They have had only the most childish hypothesis, of which they have never dared to examine the principles and the proofs : they have been accustomed to hold them sacred, as the most perfect truths, of which they were not permitted to doubt, even for an instant. The

ignorance of man has rendered him credulous ; his curiosity made him swallow in large draughts, the marvellous ; time confirmed him in his opinions ; and he passed his conjectures from race to race for realities.

A tyrannical force maintained him in his notions, now become so necessary for enslaving society. At length the whole science of man, of every kind, was but an heap of falsehoods, darkness and contradictions, interspersed here and there with the faint glimmerings of truth, furnished by nature, of which they can never totally divest themselves ; because their necessities always bring them back to her."



The Widower's Address to the Spirit of his dead Child.

WRITTEN ON THE ENVELOPE TO A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

Pledge of a love, as pure as deep,
As ever thrilled in mortal breast !
I would not, could I break thy sleep,
Recall thee from the couch of rest,
Where thou art now in peace reclining !
A stranger to the world's repining !

No—bright as was thy brief career,
In this wild waste of storm and gloom ;
And much as I have wished thee here
My soul's dark sorrows to illume ;
In loneliness I'd rather languish
Than have thee partner in my anguish !

Besides would even Heaven allow
Thy advent to this earth again ;
That boon to thee were cruel now,
Since human ills—a ' grisly train'—
Would cross thee in thy path of life,
And stir thy young sweet thoughts to strife !

Yet looking on thy sun bright tress,
Unlocks the source of dried up tears ;
And thoughts, intense, and maddening, press
On my hot brain—though hopes or fears
Since thou and thy sweet mother perished,
Have ne'er by me been felt or cherished !

Blossom of Love ! Yes on my mind
Strange and unusual feeling rush ;
The flood-gates of my heart unbind,
And bid its waters wildly gush—
As gazing on these shreads, I see
The all that now remains of thee !

Blossom of Love ! Farewell ! Farewell !

I go to join the noisy throng ;
But in my soul's deep haunted cell,
Thoughts that to thee and thine belong,
Shall ever bloom—as fresh and fair
As when they first where planted there !

And oh ! if tears of woe may nourish
The flowers of memory in the breast,
Then those in mine will surely flourish—
And each succeeding hour invest—
Their stems with charms unknown before—
Till we three meet—to part no more !

—
FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

Lines written after attending the funeral of — — —,
SEPT. 1822.

"AND TO DIE IS GAIN"—PHIL. i. 21.

"To die is gain" should not be told
Of him who lived, and now is dead ;
Whose business was to heap up gold,
To please his heart and rest his head ;
Yes, sumptuously he daily fared,
And clothed in purple's richest robe,
He had in time, for which he cared
And sought good things within this globe.

"Is gain" to him who long has lived
A painful, and afflictive life,
But who for this did never grieve,
Nor ask afflictions, yet more light ;
Who in the time of sore distress
Did seek in Christ his only good,
And in his Saviour, found that bliss,
That's only had through Jesu's blood.

The answers he from heaven obtained,
Were satisfying all to him,
While living here : his Christ was gain
And this he had while suffering ;
The thorn in flesh, or pain we say,
O ! God in mercy do remove ;
Here's Grace sufficient for thy day,
The answer's felt, its from above.

And with the grace here's also friends,
Whose hearts, my graces have inflamed ;
And they shall be the constant ones,
To minister what I have named ;
And while they round thy bed do wait,
The cordial or the fan to use :
Their words and prayers, increase thy faith,
Or sore afflictions do amuse.

Thus days, and nights, and months, and years,
Are spent in number ten times told,
Till apprehensions, doubts and fears,
Are settled all by faith so bold ;
That rests upon the word of God,
Opposed to all that hell can say,
And finds a blessing in the rod
That comforts and supports the day.

"For Christ is gain, in life and death,"
To him who doth obedience yield,
And all that's lent, of goods and breath ;
Produce the harvest's richest field ;
When all his work seems fully done,
And anxious friends think pain should stop,
He still in "straight twixt two," is won
By patience to promote their hope.

And death himself seems tardy now,
As tho' he thought on pain that's past :
Nor knows not when : nor thinks not how
To let the sufferer easiest pass !
But this good thought will silence all,
"To die is gain," when God's will's done
And now with firmer step he'll call,
To ope the gate and let him home.

Now scap'd from this cumbersome clod,
Our Brother ascends through the air,
Away from this gloomy abode,
To witness the gain that is there.
Not idly to gaze and look on ;
But share in the glory that's gained,
Of Heaven and all the blest throng,
Ne'er here to return and be pained.

An house of affliction was here,
And enemies fraught with deceit,
These never can follow him there,
Where solace, and safety's replete ;
He's gained an unsinning Estate,
Where all the inhabitants rest ;
There none can enter that gate
But those that are perfectly Blest !

The people of that happy clime,
Are never with poisons annoyed,
Nor tempted with evil design,
Nor ever perversely employed ;
No sickness, or pain do they feel,
No wearisome hours have they,
But all is serenity still,
And there they forever shall stay.

To Correspondents—'Alanson,' and the 'Vision of the man on straw,' will appear in the next number.

"C" is under consideration.

MONTHLY REGISTER OF NEWS.

Foreign News. The intelligence this month from Europe, in its general character, presents the like state of affairs as that stated in our last—indicative of settled peace among the principal states and powers of that quarter of the Globe. Our advices are down to the 27th ultimo; at which time the Legislative authorities, both of England and France, were in session.

In these two important states, order and prosperity is claimed to prevail, much favouring the prospect of a continued and stable state of affairs in the governments of the respective Kingdoms.

The French elections for the Chamber of Deputies had just terminated—and the liberal, or opposition members, had been much reduced in numbers. The King, in his address on the opening of the Chambers, states that tranquility and prosperity prevail throughout his dominions, and that such is the success of the financial operations of government, notwithstanding the heavy expenditures of the invasion of Spain, no new taxes will be required of the people.

Hostilities have broken out between Algiers and England; but recent advices state the probability of an accommodation. The Algerines have also attacked the Spaniards and made some prizes and prisoners of war.

The war between the Greeks and Turks would probably be renewed on the opening of spring. Both sides were preparing for active hostilities—and a bloody campaign was expected the ensuing summer.

South-American Affairs remain much in the same condition as for the last six months past—The Spanish power, except in Peru, appears to be entirely prostrated, and even there those who contend against the patriot cause as it is termed, it is said are not disposed again to come under the dominion of Spain.

Domestic Concerns—Congress still continue their protracted session—The important measure of increasing the duties on imported goods for the purpose of encouraging domestic manufactures, having passed the House of Representatives by a small majority, hangs trembling in the Senate for its fate.

The Presidential Election still occupies the attention of the Printers of Newspapers—office holders and expectants; but the divided state of the public mind between the respective candidates renders it quite unsafe to say who will be the successful aspirant.

Commerce, although with diminished profits, is still carried on and extended to distant parts of the globe. Manufactures are gradually working their way and striking deep roots into our soil; but agriculture the main stay of the nation languishes with discouraging prospects—Yet there is much cause for thankfulness in the continued peace and tranquility of the country—and in the abundant supply we enjoy of all the necessaries and the comforts of life.